Table of Contents

1. Chapter One
2. Chapter Two
3. Chapter Three
4. Chapter Four
5. Chapter Five
6. Chapter Six
7. Chapter Seven
8. Chpter Eight
9. Chapter Nine

Chapter One

"Cinderpaw? Ready to go hunting?" I faintly hear my mentor, Snowfleck, call. As I stand, it felt like the dread of sleep was pulling me down. As the blurry white cat soon took shape, I walk of the apprentice den. Cold Bare-Leaf sunlight blares my blue eyes. As me and the white and grey flecked tomcat walked out of camp, I smell a rabbit and drop down in a hunting crouch. Snowfleck drops behind, too watch me. As I slowly walk towards the scent, I soon see tall brown and white ears moving slightly. I jump high into the brisk air. I relish my claws, I rabbit looks up from chewing grass as I pin it down and bit it's neck. The squirming stops.

"Nice catch, Cinderpaw!" I whip my my head around, too see the white tom smiling at me. I dig a hole and put my fresh-kill in it. He exits the fern tunnel and we walk to Crooked Pine. All the trees are striped of leafs and there was small patches of snow here and there. Soon we reach the Crooked Pine. I see a bird sitting on one of its branches. "How do you catch a robin?" I ask, "watch." He mews and first slowly approaches the red bird, then, keeping low, he sprints towards the tree and jumps. Snowfleck easily catches it. The white tom slams the bloody bird down on the ground, finishing it off. "Like that."

I want to to try, but knew we should head back to camp. I was on the sunhigh patrol. I nod and retrace my steps to camp. Digging up the rabbit I'd caught, we padded back to the MistClan camp. I see Speckledpelt and Cherrypaw waiting. "Hey Cinderpaw, I'm training with Speckledpelt, Flowerheart is sulking her kits and is too busy for training me." Cherrypaw was always so talkative and social, I never really liked her. I mew an okay, and drop my fresh-kill in the pile.

My bones ache as we walk out of camp. Cherrypaw mews about some tale she remembers when she was a kit. I think it was about TigerClan or something, I wasn't listening though. We soon reach the Ancient Oak, and I catch a faint scent of RavenClan. "Wait, I

smell RavenClan." I mew, alert all of a sudden. Fear flows into me, if the RavenClan cats there was trouble. They two other she-cats look at me like I was crazy, "Well, I don't smell anything. Besides, like why in StarClans name would would some of those mouse-brains be on o-" she didn't say anything after that, that scared me. Cherrypaw never stops talking, let alone in the middle of a sentence.

"Cinderpaw, behind you..." The red apprentice warned, I was so confused. But I looked behind and saw two cats. One was a slick tom that was all black with a white chest, paws and haunches. The other one was a light tabby with a short, bent tail. "What did you just call me?" The black tom asks Cherrypaw. I saw fear in her wide blue-green eyes. But Speckedtail's apprentice couldn't stand the guilt of lies, and just stood frozen. Leaf-Fall air flowed by, and the black tomcat sprang into the air, with his claws unleashed he clawed hung onto her back.

She yelped in pain, but the tom held on easily. Speckedtail torn off part of his right ear, and I knew we would win, so I looked for the tabby. He was hiding behind a tree, in MistClan territory. "Hey, you. Don't you want to help that other cat?" I ask carefully approaching the cat. He shook his head rapidly. I was confused, maybe he was captive. "I'm a kittypet..." He says, ashamed. I narrow my eyes, looking stairs into his yellow ones. "Why did you come then?"

Kittypets almost never leave their nests, but they was no twoleg nest close to here, only in FernClan. He answers with mumble. I think he said 'captured'. I knew I shouldn't, but I felt sorry for the tom. "What does h want?" I ask, not wanted him to say I don't know. Orange and pink light spread across his pelt, it was already sundown. The Clan would be expecting us to back now.

"He wants to take over the forest, first FermClan then MistClan and MossClan. He's already agreed with CrowClan that they would help." I figured FermClan was FernClan and CrowClan, RavenClan. The tabby obviously didn't realize how much information he was giving away.

I look to see how Cherrypaw and Speckedtail were doing. They

were hissing at the black and white tom, and winning. "Scat." I mew and the crooked-tailed tom raced off, with the other one following. I looked at the two other she-cats. Both were scratched and bruised. Cherrypaw's right front paw was badly hurt. "While you were chit-chatting, we were fighting with that fox-dung!" I didn't want to hear her complains, I so start walking back to camp. Leaving her to complain to Speckedpelt.

When I returned, the first stars of Silverpelt were be gaming to appear, and all I wanted to do was flop down in my nice, warn bedding of moss. But first, I had to tell Cloudstar about what I heard. When I approached the lichen-covered den I meowed, "Cloudstar? I have important news." The tom says come in and I pad in the damp den. The white leader was eating a chaffinch, the wings laying next to his haunches. I'd never been in the leaders den, it seemed so special.

"We found two cats by the Ancient Oak, one a kittypet and the other one a RavenClan cat. I asked what the kittypet was doing, he said he captured and that his capturer was trying to take over the forest. FernClan has already been attacked and we're next. He's teamed up with RavenClan to help him, so maybe he's a rouge." The MistClan leader looked shock and ready to take action.

"Thank you, Cinderpaw. I'll tell the Clan about your discovery. Cherrypaw and Speckledpelt were on that patrol too, right?" He asks, and I mew a yes. As we head out, I see Snowfleck. *He'll be proud,* I think. "Cats of MistClan old enough to catch there own prey, please gather below Highrock."

He pauses as cats spill out of their dens. The light reflects off of the leaders pelt and turns it blue and purple. "Kits turn into apprentices, and apprentices turn into warriors. Cinderpaw, step forward." Shock and excitment rushes through me. I pad forward onto Highrock. "So you promise to protect your Clans life, even if it means sacrificing your own?"

I'm not sure at first, then I realize that I must be loyal to my Clan. "I do." Cloudstar looks at me, proud at even smiles for a second. "Then, I call upon StarClan to praise your loyalty and skill. You shall now be known as Cinderleaf!"

Chapter Two

Note: Thank you guys for reading Cinderleaf's Faith, I'm thankful for all my followers and voters! These chapters take about 2-3 days to write, btw. HAVE FUN!

Lionpaw, step forward." I'm proud for my brother as the dark grey tabby tom steps onto Highrock. "Do you protect your Clan, even if it costs your life?" Moonhigh tugs towards the top of Silverpelt as he mews "yeah- I mean, I do." He stammers, the leader meows "StarClan praises your braveness and strength. You shall now be named Lionshade!" Everyone chants our knew names.

It seems like a happily ever after, but I knew that RavenClan was soon going to be attacking us. I head to the warriors den, Snowfleck is already in the center, but he welcomes me and my brother. More cats trickle in as it gets later and later. My eyes pop open when Lionshade shakes me. I see him slip out into the damp outside. I hall myself up and I poke my head outside to see the day.

Whiteness covers bare tree and bushes. It turned the brown grass into a white beauty. The wind howls as more flacks fall to the ground. I stager out of the bush and see that Cloudstar is standing on Highrock. -"prey, gather below Highrock for a Clan meeting." I knew should hear what he has to say. I pad though the icy cold snow, following Lionshade's paw prints. "Cinderleaf, Speckledpelt and Cherrypaw found two rouge cats yesterday by the Ancient Oak. Cinderleaf heard one of them say that the other one was 'teamed up' with RavenClan and trying to destroy all the Clans and rule the forest."

Yowls of surprise and shock arose from the all the cats. Lionshade smiled, I didn't know why. Maybe because he loved to fight. "We must prevent this. I want more patrols, and at least three cats guarding camp. Apprentices should be trained to fight more, but still maintaining a balance." Then he dismissed us and hopped down from Highrock. I head over to Snowfleck to see what patrols I would be on and what hunting parties I would be in. It's hard to

identify the white deputy in snow, but Cherrypaw and Ravenclaw's pelt stand out. When I reach the small grouping of cats, Snowfleck mews, "Cinderleaf, you'll be on a hunting patrol at dusk. Your going to lead it, Galestorm and Ravenclaw are going with you."

I saw the black spotted she-cat and the lightly colored tom eating together. I nod an okay, and pad over to the nursery to see my mother, Sageflower. I see kits with tabby, white and flame colored pelts, with green, blue and yellow eyes. When I poke my head in the nursery, I see a pure white she-cat, surrounded by four kits. A small tabby tom, then a light grey tabby she-kit, a dark grey tom and last a white she-kit with ginger spots. "Cinderleaf, I had a new litter of kits! Oakkit, after his brown pelt. Stormkit, after her storm-like fur. Shadekit, after Lionshade. And Leafkit after you."

I couldn't be anymore happier to see that Sageflower had had kits, and that one was named after me. I lick each ikr affectionately on its small, almost furless heads. "They're beautiful. I can already tell they'll be successful warriors one day." For the first time I noticed that Smokefur, my father, was standing on by my side. I walk out of the milky den an for the fern exit. I sniff the frozen air and a scent of a plump mouse floated to my noes.

I dropped into a hunting crouch, and searched for the small, grey creature. As I pass a willow sapling, I see the mouse hiding behind on of its long, leafy branches. I spring up, with my sharp claws unleashed. And I pounce on the prey, now squealing with pain, and I lick my lips. The wind howls, and I smell Galestorm and Ravenclaw. Forgetting that it was already sunhigh, I see the two warriors treading though the ice cold snow.

"Where were you?" Galestorm demands. I didn't know what to say, I had gone out early to hunt and the clouds were blocking off most of the sunlight. "Sorry, I got distracted." I meow and start to burry my fresh-kill. The snow stopped as we search for prey. *How will we get to the Gathering in this weather?* I ask myself. Then, I scent a robin and sniff the air. I see the winged animal perched on a high birch tree.

The image of Snowfleck slowly approaching it, then running and catching the prey, flashed in my mind. I hide behind a partly bare

bush and stalk my prey. But just then, a loud yowl rips through the forest and scares away my bird. Anger and frustration bursts through me as I whip around to see what's the matter. I can see a black-and-white tortoiseshell she-cat I recognized as Galestorm.

"Snowfleck's dead!"

Chapter Three

NOTE: SO, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO WRITE MUCH D; SO THIS CHATER COULD EITHER BE SHORTER OR TAKE LONG... IDK. HOPE YOU LIEK IT! AND MAY STARCLAN LIGHT YOUR PATH!

It felt like my heart just got pulled from my chest, my legs went limp. I stare at the warrior, she ran away towards camp. I follow her, forgetting about the robin. When I catch up with Galestorm, she's crouched by a white cat. Snowfleck's unmoving body scared me and the long, bloody scratch down his side makes me shiver.

"How..? Who...?" I stammer. Galestorm doesn't move but whispers, "A rouge, I suppose, but-but... There's no scent," This confused me. I pad over to see my old mentor, and sniff the air, his scratch and the ground around him. There was no scent of any Clan cats, rouges or kittypets. We drag the body back to camp, with Ravenclaw. Ferns brush up against my dark grey fur as we enter camp. I see Sageflower by the nursery with Oakkit, Mistkit, Shadekit and Leafkit trying to stand, but having no success. Lionshade and Smokefur were eating together and Cloudstar was talking to Rainpelt.

They all stared at the three of us, most of them run over to see what happened. All of them asked questions that over whelmed me, "We don't know how he died, there's no scent of any rouge, Clan cat or kittypet. He was behind Galestorm, and.. And..." I couldn't finish. Every cat cleared a path for me, Ravenclaw and Galestorm. I set the cold body down I front of Highrock as the MostClan leader hops onto the rock. "All cats of MistClan old enough to catch their own prey, please come and gather below Highrock for a Clan meeting." The call sounds in camp as more queens, warriors and elders pad out into the brisk clearing.

"A rouge maybe, killed Snowfleck. There was no scent to tag along with with the scratch, or what direction this cat went. If there is any sigh of a fox, mutt or any animal that can hurt a cat, please report to me immediately. The new deputy shall be appointed at

sunset, as tradition goes." I backed away to Snowfleck's body. My stomach growled with hunger. I realized that I hadn't catch anything for my Clan, so I padded back to the fern tunnel.

****

I had quickly catch two mice and returned with them dangling from my jaws. It was almost sunset, as I set one mouse in the fresh-kill pile and sat down by Snowfleck. His unmoving body made me nauseous, but I knew I should eat. I ate the mouse quicker than I intended too. I see a white tomcat exit his den and leap onto Highrock. With the setting sun turning his fur hot pink, magenta, crimson and scarlet he called out, "All cats of MistClan, gather below Highrock for a Clan meeting." I thought I detected a tone of fear or sadness as I turn towards the great rock.

I sit next to Sageflower, as more and more cats come and gather. "I hope StarClan agrees with my choice. Since Snowfleck has passed, we need a strong, loyal and head-strong warrior to take on this role. The cat I've chosen is young, but will for fill all those thing." At this, it limits it down to Ravenclaw and Rowantail. "Our new deputy shall be Rowantail!" Everyone looks at the ginger tabby tom, he looks terrified. "Rowantail, do you want to be deputy, even?" Cloudstar challenges.

"N-no.. Please believe me, I am loyal, but mot cut out to be deputy. Please, understand, Cloudstar." This shocked me, almost every warrior wanted to be deputy to show his or her loyalty, but I guess Rowantail wasn't like most warriors. "Okay, then. Ravenclaw, would you be willing to become deputy?" A wide smile shines one my face, and I knew just what he would say. "Yes, I would be more than horned to be your deputy Cloudstar."

He smiled and meowed, "Thank you. Now, Galestorm, Rainpelt, Cinderleaf, Sageflower, Ravenclaw, Whitefoot, Fishwhisker and Lionshade shall all becoming to the Gathering." I was very excited to go o my first Gathering and all. Sageflower explains that she just had kits and couldn't come. "Oh, excuse me for forgetting, Scarletwing would you like to come?" The elderly queen looked up from licking her paw, and nodded. After that, the leader dismisses every cat and hopes down. All I want to do is flop down in my dry

moss bed, and I do that. The darkness of sleep overcomes me, and takes me.

Chapter Four

NOTE: HAY! HOPE YOU'VE IT SO FAR! NOW FOR DA EXCITEMENT TO HAPPEN! SORRY BUT THERE A LOT OF TALKING, THO..... AT LEAST ITS LONG... I'LL STOP TALKIN AND LET YA READ! AND MAY STARCLAN LIGHT YOUR PATH.

(Ravenclaw's view)
I open my eyes, it's a starless night. I'm in the center of a crystal lake, standing on only a smooth rock. Beyond the lake are a forest of trees, then to left bounding hills, beside that are rivers and streams and then layers upon layers of pine trees. Snowfleck stands on another rock in front me, his amber eyes have no pupils and his white fur is dazzling in the moonlight. "The blood of night shall rule the land as it rains fire." His voice turns into a yowl, "All shall be gone, yet Four will always live to remain, storm, hawk, shadow and stone!"

Blurry light fills my vision. I shivered as I sluggishly got up and stretched. A lot was on my mind, patrols, hunting parties, the prophecy and the Gathering. Rainpelt and Smokefur pad to me, asking questions I couldn't quite makesense of. "Wha.. What?" I manage to mew, the two back away a bit as I clean myself up. Speckledpelt, Lilypaw and Fishwhisker come to see what they'll be doing, along with most of the other warriors and apprentices. "Speckledpelt, you take Cherrypaw out for training. I'll lead the dawn patrol with Rainpelt and Firetail. Lionshade and Galestorm are on the sunhigh patrol, Galestorm you'll lead it. Uh... Smokefoot and Lilypaw can two are on the dusk patrol. Cinderleaf, Rainpelt you two hunt at sundown too." I hoped that wasn't to specific. "Actually, Cherrypaw got her paw badly hurt from that rouge that attacked her, she's resting in Blackfoot's den now." That was sad news, "Oh, um okay."

I nod in dismiss and find Rainpelt and Rowantail. I notice Rowantail is politely avoiding me, I supposed because of the whole he-turned-down-being-deputy-and-I'm-the-deputy-now, thing. As

the three of us pad out of camp, it starts sprinkle icy water. As we pass the spot were Snowfleck died, I catch a scent. The scent of MossClan. *Had a MossClan cat killed Snowfleck?* I think faintly, "Do you two smell MossClan?" I look the blue-grey tom named Rainpelt and the molded orange tabby named Rowantail. The two sniffed the air, "Nope." Mews Rowantail, "No, why?" I turned away, avoiding the question.

As we approach the border between MossClan and MistClan, Holly Rocks, I smell more MossClan cats. "Smell anything?" They both shook their heads. We trotted on. As we returned, sun was on top of the world. Galestorm and Lionshade pad out of camp. I head straight to Cloudstar's den, to tell him my discovery. Before I enter the lichen-covered den, I meow "Cloudstar, may I come in?" When he doesn't answer, I poke my head in. I see a white tom laying in the center of the den, breathing steady breaths. I'm not if I should awake him from his slumber, but just then his head shot up.

"Yes, Ravenclaw?" I move my whole body inside the damp den, and explain what happened on the patrol. "Well, that is odd. We'll see what they have to say for themselves at the Gathering tonight."

"Also, I had a prophecy. " I tried to recall the dream. Then I remembered it all, like a wave crashing over sand. "I was in the middle of a huge lake, standing on a rock with Snowfleck. 'The blood of night shall rule the land as it rains fire. All shall be gone, yet Four will always live remain, storm, hawk, shadow, stone.'" He nods, I can tell he's thinking hard.

"Storm, hawk, shadow, stone..." He mumbles. We were both silently for a long while, then my stomach growled. The leaders head jerks up, "Go to Blackfoot, I have to gather all the cats going the Gathering." I dip my head in respect, and back out into the cool air. I walk to bracken-covered ditch, I can smell herbs of all types. I see a black and white cat with a red she-cat sitting beside him. They were mixing herbs. "Blackfoot? I have to talk to you." The tom doesn't say anything for a long while, then he murmurs "Fine, just wait a moment. Chew them up really good, keep chewing till I'm done talking with Ravenclaw." Then he turns around, I was surprised to see him teaching Cherrypaw. But maybe he could need an apprentice, I think he almost was 40 moons.

"I had a prophecy. I was in a lake, standing on a rock. Snowfleck was neat to me, he said 'the blood of night shall rule the land, as it rains fire. All shall be gone, yet Four shall live to remain, storm, hawk, shadow and stone." The old black from started pacing, back and forth, back and forth. It seemed like moons before he answered. "What were your surroundings? You said it was a lake, not an ocean." This was even harder to recall. I remembered there was a forest, hills and rivers. But not what was after that. I try to relive the dream, and then I saw a pine tree forest. "A forest, then a lot of hills, after that a place with a lot of rivers. Then a pine tree forest."

He nods, and starts pacing again. "Give me time to think, I'll tell you after the Gathering." Then the medicine cat pads back to Cherrypaw. I turn and walk out of the den, cool air surrounds me. I decide to hunt at Holly Rocks. Walking though the fern tunnel, I can see a black and white cat and a dark grey cat sprinting back. A pang of shock flows through me, *is it already sundown?* I pass the two racing cats and I decide to run too. Rustling every bush and cracking every twig I sprint through the mossy woods and down to Holly Rocks. I can soon see the great rocks, surrounded by holly bushes.

I freeze, hearing two cats. "...can't we ju.....sooner? It's all.....better." This seemed secretive, so I crouched down low and hide behind a fallen log. The voice that mewed was higher-pitched but still a tom. "No, wait.....ing. It'll be a.....ize.....planned." This voice was deeper. I peeked around the corner. I saw a pare of white paws, grey paws, blue-grey paws and two pares of tabby paws.

There was scents of all the Clans, including MistClan. Fear shot through me like a bullet as I slowly creep back up the hill. I knew I should bring some fresh-kill. I sniff the air, and smell a squirrel. Following the scent, I see the bushy-tailed prey by the root of a tree, nibbling on a nut. I drop down in a hunting crouch.

I jump into the air, with my claws unleashed. It looks up, and quickly pounces away. I give it all small chase before it shoots high up a tree. I sigh, defeated. Long shadows casted over the forest as I pad back to camp. Orange and pink light pounds on my grey fur. As I walk into camp, I saw Lilypaw getting a thorough wash by Twistedfoot, her mother.

Then I saw Cloudstar, her father, hop up onto Highrock. "Let all cats that can catch their own prey, gather below Highrock for another Clan meeting." His voice rang within the camp walls. I walk to the center of camp and sit next to Sageflower, who was smiling a lot.

"Kits turn into apprentices, and apprentices turn into warriors. Lilypaw has trained so very hard for 6 moons and it is time she earns her warrior name. But first, Lilypaw, do you promise do uphold and follow the noble warrior code? Even if it coats you to sacrifice your own life?" The leader asked. I smiled, the white she-cat and tom looked strong together, I could even pick out a few similarities I between the two.

"I do," Lilypaw mews after a short silence. "StarClan praises your strength and loyalty. You shall now be named, Lilyfoot!" Everyone cheered her knew name. She smiled and hoped down. "Now, Ravenclaw, Galestorm, Rainpelt, Lilyfoot, Scarletwing, Lichennoes, Whitefoot, Fishwhisker and Lionshade all come, we must go to the Gathering."

The nine of us bound off, through the fern tunnel and down slopes. I jump a fallen oak tree, and land lightly on my paws. I'm running so fast, my feet barley skim the ground below. Soon we reach the river, dividing RavenClan with MistClan. We dash long the sandy bank and reach the stepping stones. I can see the banyan tree, known as Fourtrees. The ancient stones are wet and slimy, but everyone makes it across with no slips or falls.

I look up, it's a quarter till moonhigh, the damp grass is soft on my aching paw pads and the salty air tingles my nostrils. We slip through the bracken walling, Cloudstar jumps up onto his branch. I settle, sitting with the MossClan deputy, Hawktail. "Well your quite young to be a deputy, aren't you." He meows. I roll my eyes and mew, "Well your no more then a moon older than me, so I wouldn't boast if I were you."

The tabby tom looks shocked at my combat and turns away, his cream tail lashing. The FernClan deputy pads over to greet me, we touch noes. He's smaller then I'd imaged, as all FernClan cats are. I tuck my paw under my chest and as he settles. "Let the Gathering began!" I hear Ashstar of FernClan yowl. "About ten suns ago,

RavenClan and some rouges attacked us," yowls of shock and fear arouse from the crowd, but mostly MossClan. "Yet we had nothing to fight about, they attacked!" I saw only one thing in Ashstar's eyes.

Rage.

He was known for his kindness, but if he got angry, he usually just let it go. Shatteredstar went into one of his 'silent time' things. He won't say anything for the rest of the Gathering now. Every cat expects Shatteredstar to be fierce, sense he's the leader of *RavenClan.* But really, he's a shy tomcat. The sleek black tom just stared into nothingness.

Now it was MistClans turn to speak. "For news of MistClan, there was exciting news and bad news. Our pervious deputy, Snowfleck, died a mysterious death. He was on a hunting party with Galestrom and Cinderleaf. Then, there was a screech, and a scratch and he was dead. No scent trail or anything, just... Dead." I saw pain in the leaders eyes, for his son died that day. And a new foe was made.

"Ravenclaw is our new deputy. Also, a new litter was born and Lilypaw became a warrior, Lilyfoot. That's it for MistClan." A few other warriors glanced at me, others glared. Sepiastar looked thoughtfully at all the cats, "We've had two litters of kits, and two new apprentices. Rowenpaw and Stempaw." I was surprised that MossClan had had so many new cats, they were the biggest Clan, though. Now, every cat looked at Shatteredstar. "Two deaths. Both deputies. Shadowfur is the knew deputy." *Two deputies died in RavenClan!* I think, *it's rare for one to die!* We all look at each other, waiting for Shatteredstar to say more, but he just sits there with his head lowered. "This Gathering is over, and may the truce withhold!" Cloudstar meows, Ashstar, Sepiastar, Cloudstar and Shatteredstar all hop down from the tree and find their Clan.

Chapter Five

IM MAKING A NEW BOOK (NOT REPLACING) CALLED 'AshTails Power',ITS ABOUT HOW ASHSTAR BECAME LEADER. THATS ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL. LOL THIS IS AN EPIC FAIL, SHORT CHAPTER. ILL JUST LET YOU GUYS READ NOW.... AND MAY STARCLAN LIGHT YOUR PATH.

Questions bubbled inside of me, why hadn't Cloudstar asked Sepiastar if one or her warriors was invading MistClan territory? Why hadn't he asked Shatteredstar about Snowfleck's death?

I bound after Cloudstar, when I catch up with the white tom, I pant "Cloud... Cloudstar, what about Snowfleck and the scents I smelled..?"

"That shall be discussed later, Ravenclaw," He meowed sternly. Frustration burst through me, *Why can't he just tell me now? Is it really **that** privet?* I think to myself.

Soon we reach camp, I follow Cloudstar in his den. We sit down, he formally wraps his tail around his forepaws and begins, "Ravenclaw, I chose not to ask because it wasn't necessary." I twist my face, questioning his ways. "Why? They could be spying, or they could have killed Snowfleck!" I yell, I wanted an answer of just *why* he thought is was okay. "Go to your den," he orders, I've never seen Cloudstar like this, I race off or my den, and close my eyes tight.

I awake to a misty-like fog in the air, it stung my lungs and hurt my eyes. "Fire! Fire! Everyone, wake up! Wake up, wake up!" I yelp. Fishwhisker screeches, and hurries out, I know he was going to help others. Galestorm and Lionshade wake up Speckledpelt, Smokefoot and Lilyfoot. I race out of the burning den, and head straight for the nursery. Fishwhisker was already helping all the queens and kits out. Sageflower takes Shadekit, Fishwhisker takes Oakkit, Scarletwing takes Mistkit and I carried Leafkit. There was just

enough paws to carry then all.

"To the river!" I hear Cloudstar yowl. Rainpelt caught up with us, and I hand him Leafkit, "Take her, I have to help others!" I race back, though the fern tunnel. Dappledtail is helping Lichennoes out, along with Lilypaw. The fire is everywhere, on the tree, on the bushes and *everything.* My eyes start to cloud, I know our home will never be the same. I help the three she-cats out camp. We soon reach the river, quicker than I'd expected. I didn't see Cloudstar right away, "Stay with your den mates, if anyone is missing tell me or Cloudstar." I yowl. "Where's Leafkit?" I hear Sageflower ask. "And Cloudstar?" That was Lionshade.

"Lilyfoot, come with me and help me find them." The white she-cat and I bound though the burning forest. We reach camp, I first head for the nursery, the closest den. I slip inside, avoiding a burning bush. Leafkit was smushed under a large stick, that was close to catching on fire. "Help, Ravenc- cough cough! I-I'm stuck!" I lift the stickup and grab the kit, we race out of nursery. I see Lilyfoot standing on Highrock, "What are you you doing?" I manage not gag on the toxic air. "Looking for Cloudstar, I can't find him!" She yells back. The warrior jumps down from Highrock and takes Leafkit. "I'll look for him," I mew.

I race of to his den, the air is even more toxic than outside. His moss bed and some leaves were burning. Through the tears in my eyes, I could just barley see a dark grey cat. I nudge him with my paw, "Raven.. claw... Let me rest. This is were I belong." Cloudstar's words scares me, "No! Don't die, please... Please...!" I say, my voice scratchy in the thick smoke. "Go, now before you die." He says, flames are catching on my pelt, but I wouldn't leave him. I grabbed his scruff, but he was too heavy. "Go, the Clan needs you."

"No, I'll die with you if your dying now."

"Don't let the Clan down, Ravenclaw."

"But-but I'm not ready!" I argue.

"Go... I'll watch over for StarClan... Ravenclaw. Goodbye....." I could barley see through the smoke and tears. I race out, and run to the

river.

Chapter Six

I can't see the river, everyone is crowed, waiting for me. "The fire's almost here. Go downstream, toward Fourtrees," I order. We run on the bank of the river, trying to outrun the fire. It's a faraway thought, but hopefully we can make it. Trees and bushes blur past my vision, I'm the lead of the 'herd'. We soon reach the stepping stones, I can smell the fire getting closer and closer. "Stop," I meow. "we need to make sure everyone's here. Kits, queens and elders need to be surrounded by apprentices and warriors. Blackfoot, you stay in the middle too." Cats move, until they're at their assigned spots.

******

We reach Fourtrees when the moon is setting. Everyone was cover in ash, kits to elders. We sit all around the banyan tree, watching our home burn to soot and dust. "Where's Cloudstar?" I hear a rusty voice ask. It was Lilyfoot. Her fur was also patched in ash and dust. "He... He couldn't make it," I answer, my voice even more scratchy. Then, I see many cats bounding in our direction. They were MossClan cats. I recognized Hawktail, Tabbyfluff, Birdpaw and Greycloud.

Fishwhisker and I see why they are here. "The fire, are.. Are you okay?" Birdpaw asks us, we nod. I try not to look weak, but after the shock, loss and tiredness it's hard. Tabbyfluff, their medicine cat, steps forwards. "I can help Blackfoot if he needs it," he offers. I was pleased by the tabby's gesture, and knew we needed his help. I nodded.

Just then, it hits me. *The prophecy! I should have been more aware.* I think. I decide to see how Leafkit was doing. Rushing through the crowd, I can see my kin. She's barley recognizable, the kit looks like a dark grey she-kit rather than a ginger spotted one. Sageflower is suckling the four small creatures, her pelt too is dark grey- singed, I notice. I lick her ashy head, and settle down.

She purrs loudly, and I can see Blackfoot padding over with a wad

of herbs. He takes each kit, and studies it. Then the medicine cat asks me if anything hurts. "Does anything hurt?" Then, my heads starts to pound. "I have a headache," I answer. "Just have these poppy seeds, and you'll be find." He hands me black seeds, and I chew them thankfully. Soon sleep overcomes me.

I awake to little paws tackling me. Blurry lights fill my blue eyes, and I see Stormkit and Leafkit all over me. The two little she-kits were play-fighting, and saying "Rrrrow! Get out you RavenClan intruder, out I say, out!" That was Leafkit. "Hey! I don't really want to play RavenClan intruder. I want to play warrior and mouse!" and that was defiantly Stormkit.

I roll over, almost squishing the two. Standing up, I can see Speckledpelt, Galestorm and Cinderleaf were all up, along with Cherrypaw. The apprentice looks over her shoulder, and pads towards me. "Ravenclaw, Blackfoot asked me if, um... I wanted to be his apprentice! And I said yes!" This was surprising, I had no idea she was so into herbs. "But, we need more warriors to protect us. We already look weak," I responded.

It was true, and I didn't see why the young cat would do so. She had such strong hunting skills and loyalty, we couldn't afford to lose another cat. "I have no choice, I can't fight or hunt because of my forepaw. What do you insisted on me doing for the Clan?" She asks, once again, I didn't realize how badly she was hurt. I mew an apologize, and she dips her head.

I turn around, looking for Blackfoot. There was only thing on my mind, finding Cloudstar. Seeing the tom dozing by Fourtrees, I pad over. I nuzzle him, his eyes jerk open. "It was Rainpelt!" Blackfoot dreary screeches. Questions bobble in my head at once, as the old cat stood and shook his head. "Never mind, Ravenclaw. Why have you awaken me?" I explain I want to go back to camp and search for our leader.

"I suppose. But you might want to eat before set out, I have no traveling herbs of course," he replies "oh, this will be a short trip. No need to eat before." After all, I wasn't too hungry, and I knew I should sacrifice my hunger so other elders and kits are fed. But before we set off, I wanted to see Lionshade. I saw him talking to

Cherrypaw.

Once I had told he was in charge, Blackfoot and I set off for the ashy forest. Crossing the stepping stones, I saw the forest, it looked like a pile of soot and ash and dust. Blackfoot sniffed, then had a small coughing fit. It was almost impossible to tell where we were.

I saw a small opening, I recognized as the camp entice. We brushed pass the dead ferns. Highrock was the only thing standing, it was black, but still standing. I ran into the cave, now with no privacy. I saw a battered dark grey cat laying just as I left him.

"Cloudstar? Cloudstar? Are... You.. Awake..?" I dare to ask. Blackfoot pads in with doc leaves and other herbs I couldn't identify because they were covered in ash and dust. He puts his ear to the grey pelt; after a long, drawn out silence, he lifts his head. The tom nudges him. I can see a slight movement, and blurt out "Is he alive?"

Blackfoot hesitates, and shakes his head.

"Cloudstar is dead."

Chapter Seven

Tears fill my eyes, and I shake my head rapidly, "No, no, no, no! He... He doesn't deserve to die... If... If we came sooner.... Then maybe-"

"He's dead, there is no maybe or what ifs or if we'ds, he died. His fur probably caught on fire and he was too weak to stop that. He's dead.." Pain, grief and sorrow shot through like a bullet. Memories past my mind, when he was appointed deputy, when he became a warrior, when Lilyfoot was born.

All I wanted to do was run to StarClan, and see him and Snowfleck and Silversky. Silversky was my mentor but she died early. Too early. I walk out into the smokey air, more memories crash onto me. But then I realize, it wasn't a memory.

Cloudstar is walking towards me, we are in a field of bounding clouds and mist, his eyes are a glowing white. "The lion will rule the forest, it will run of fire and rain. Innocent will be sacrificed and evil will bcome." I blink and everything is in order again. Blinking again in confusing. I look around, the dead leader is nowhere to be seen in the haze.

A black figure stands I front of me, "Ravenclaw? Are you okay?"

"Huh? Uh, yes, yes. Fine."

"Sure, cause you seemed pretty out of it. I mean, your eyes were wide open, staring into nothing. So..."

"I'm fine, Blackfoot. We should head back to camp now," I excuse myself and pad past the tom and into the crippled forest.

Chpter Eight

And we're back!! Srry all these prophecies... Lol read in and may StarClan light your path!

When me and Blackfoot entered Fourtrees, the sun was just being to peak over the horizon. It was a pretty sight, but I was so exhausted, I flopped down next to some stirring elders, and fell quickly into a slumber.

When I awoke, it was to a MossClan leaving at sunhigh. They made quite a racket. "So Ravenclaw," Lichennose said to me, "'you gonna travel to the Moonrocks tonight?" I was confused at first, then I realized.

Oh.

I was the leader of MistClan. I had to get my nine lives *tonight*. I had to lead them through this. I had to guide them to glory. I had to figure out those prophecies. That's what I needed to worry about right now.

"Um, yes. Thank you, for reminding me, Lichennose." I say and climb up and begin to lick myself clean of ash and other scum.

How did it go again? *The lion will rule the forest, it will run of fire and rain. Innocent will be.*. Lost? No, no. I raced through the awakening cloud of cats and searched for Blackfoot. He was chatting with a Fishwhisker, who's flank had leaves pasted onto it. Something must have happened to the poor tomcat.

"Blackfoot? Can we talk for a moment?" The black-and-grey spotted tom looked up and nodded, "Oh, yes, of course Ravenclaw." He finished his conversation and padded over to me, where I waited by a root of Fourtrees.

"Is it about the prophecy? I think I figured it out," he said, "'*it will rain fire,* I think that was the wildfire. '*Four shall remain, storm,*

hawk, shadow and stone. Well, I know it's hard to believe, and all, but I think," he quieted his tone, "the four is Sageflowers kits."

A gasp escapes my breathing and I frown, "Stormkit, and Leafkit, and Shadekit, and Oakkit? Why them?" I merely forgot about my second prophecy when the medicine cat meowed, "Because they are young. We will be forgotten in this forest soon."

I look at the green grass and try to except these words. We'll be forgotten. *Forgotten. "*Blackfoot*,"* I begin*,* "I had another one." He looks up with those big orange eyes, and questioned me.

"The lion will rule the forest, it will run of fire and rain. Innocent will be sacrificed and evil will come," I say very quietly. Blackfoot looks away and think for a moment. "The lion.." He repeats. I think hard, too.

What could be a the lion? "Fire and rain are opposites," he says. I nod, understanding. "If the 'lion' rules the forest, and 'evil will become', then the lion is evil." Blackfoot meows. He was right, "So we need to find the lion to find the source of evil?" I ask and Blackfoot shakes his head a yes.

"Okay," I take in a deep, refreshing breath, "I need to take a walk to figure this out." I say, "Don't go too far into the forest," the medicine cat calls after me. I continue to walk past the recovering clan. *My* recovering Clan.

A small smile forms inside of me at this thoughts and I continue to make my way towards the exit, but Cinderleaf blocks my path. "When are you, um, going to pick the deputy?" She asks, "Tomorrow morning," I say, since a topic like this would really need some time to think on.

My paws reach the sooty ground and continue to travel me forward. The burnt trees and thick air is depressing, but I keep my mind off of that, and more on the prophecy.

Lion. What looks like a lion? A lion is bright orange and bold and large. The only cat that had orange fur in MistClan was Rookfur, an elder. Oh, and I think Leafkit. A beautiful flaming tabby she was. What about

Lionshade?

This thought made me stop in my track. No, he was not orange, but his name started with lion. I gasped and quickly turned back around to Fourtrees.

Chapter Nine

This book should be finished in.. Maybe, idk, 4 chapys? Just a heads up. May StarClan light your path.

When I was getting close to our temporary camp, the hot sun was daring to crawl closer to the end of the land. It dawned on me that I hadn't had anything to eat, so I decided to hunt for a change of pace.

Sniffing the air, I scented nothing but the remains of our ruined territory. Maybe MossClan could help us out. Once in Fourtrees, I climbed onto one of the branches and looked over everything. It was a gorgeous view from here. The wind rustled my fur and I gathered my breath, "Cats of MistClan, may I have your attention?"

Everyone looked up, and stopped whatever they were doing- sharing tongues, nursing kits, talking, there was even two spare mice I saw Rookfur and Cherrypaw sharing.

"I will be traveling to Moonstones tonight. I need Blackfoot ready at sunset to go. Warriors," I said, "keep close guard. We're vulnerable. Also, I need a hunting patrol. Organize yourselves, and rest, we'll be traveling to MossClan tomorrow morning," I felt pretty proud of my speech as I hoped down.

My Clan returned to their jobs, and Galestorm came to me, "Where dose hunt?" She asked. I pondered this and said, "try in our territory. If there's no prey, try to catch a few fish in the river."

MistClan rarely fished, and when we did, we were usually pretty desperate. The forest was more lush and prey-filled than the stream. It had tiny, speedy fish who often flowed in between the rocks that were very hard to catch.

I came to Rookfur and the new medicine cat apprentice, their smiles alighting my face. "Hello," Cherrypaw pipes, "want a mouse?" I look at the juicy piece of prey, and say, "I couldn't pass it up."

Cherrypaw giggles as I snuggle down next to her. "So," I say, "you're Blackfoot's apprentice now, how'd that happen?" Cherrypaw went on about her patrol and the rouge cat. This came to my attention again. How Cloudstar had told me of this cat. He wanted to control the forest.

My prophecies. They didn't exactly line up with the rouges story, but he was defiantly part of the danger. "And then Blackfoot started telling me *all* about his herbs, and their arrangements, and what they do. I learned real fast and I knew- I just *knew*- I couldn't go back to being a warriors apprentice, a normal apprentice that is.

"So I continued doing that. Dappledpelt was sad and all, but a the same time happy for me. It's a weird feeling. I got it when I became an apprentice- to Dappledpelt, of course. Because even though I couldn't help my Clan in that way, I could help them in another.

"It was an odd switch, you know? Like the smells and the moss. The moss is very squishy, and soft, at that. The ones in the log are a bit crisper. Very interning it is. I wonder why. Anyway- oh, and the scent of Blackfoot is different, too. Without Cinderleaf and Lionshade. But they'll be apprentices in there soon with Sageflowers kits."

Cherrypaw loves to ramble, I think. I small smile forms on my lips as she finishes her story.
"So, yeah. That's how,"
"Very nice. The mouse was delicious, thank you for sharing. I have to get going now, to Moonrocks. Wish me luck," I say and gather up strength to push myself off the grass and find Blackfoot.

The spotted tom was located at the edge of the circle of thinning bushes. He smiled as I approached him, "Ready?" I say, and he nods, climbing onto his paws.

We travel quite aways, on the border of MossClan and FernClan. The MossClan air was stenched with the thick atmosphere that reminded me of when MistClan got burnt down. It was almost humid, to say. The glossy trees were lined with moss and vines, and the ground was fresh.

As the Silverpelt began to shine through the leaves, the mossy air began to clear away, and the bounding hills were in sight.

The frigid night breeze struck our pelts as we entered the plains. No one owned these lands, except for the twolegs. They would often come on their paths, speeding by with no concerns. Their ugly, furless sticks they moved on seemed awkward and out of place.

As we entered the cave, the wind lessened and the echoes of our pawsteps struck the cave walls and repeated. The air felt mystical and light, like StarClan I assumed.

I stood there with Blackfoot at my side admiring the touching place. Things went from lonely blackness to rough shapes and small color differences. We came to the large pool of water in center, and I laid down and waited for the moon to strike moonhigh.

I scanned the cave, and found the walls to be rough and bumpy, unlike the ground. In a moment, the bright light cascaded down from the night and reflected off the pool. It was bright and glimmery.

My neck lowed and I lapped up a drop from the pool, reacting in mind what Blackfoot had told me to do on the way.

I closed my eyes and awaited.